

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Prelude to "The Earthly Paradise"
Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make you think a little less of sin,
Or bring again the pleasures of past years.
But since you wish to see the picture true,
Or hope again for naught that I can say—
I'll sing you, as I sing myself, the story
Of the heavy burden of an empty day.

But rather, when awenry of your mirth,
From full hearts airt unsatisfied y sigh,
And feeling kindling unto all the earth,
Because every living soul can never be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From as poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
I wear with light your shadow on the ivy grass,
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Has brought you, in the shadow of the ivy grass,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To weary of the dreamer of an empty day,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things
That through one window men beheld the spirit
Of the world, and through another the world
And through a third the fruited vines sprang
And through a fourth the golden sun came,
Piped the dream world of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
I wear with light your shadow on the ivy grass,
Midmost the beating of the steady sea,
Because every living soul can never be dead,
Who these revealing monsters might men shall see
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

—William Morris

The Quiet Port.

There lies a quiet port across the sea,
Where the proud sail is furled,
Where a bright banner flares and flaunts
More
That once wavered round the world.

There the brave ships that steered for other
That fought the bitter battle,
And there the iron ships, the frost-burnt
bays,
Their harborage last.

And those white barques that sought the isles of
The lands of love's report,
They too have sought the quiet port
Have found the quiet port.

There the dark night come down around them
There
The weary captains rest,
The homeward voyager bows down his head,
And the sailor's heart is glad,
But yet, ah, even while we fall on sleep,
We are content to wait;
Ourselves and all our desire is near,
This port is but his gate.

—Elizabeth G. Roberts, in Harper.

Cheerfulness.

Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things will come as they come,
Sing your heart a song of cheer,
Give your eyes the light.

Luck is with the bold of heart,
Go forth to those who live and earn,
We but need to do our part
Yet little we can earn.

Fortune, but to hide her face from
When she sees your eye
Dimmed with tears and dropping down,
Lift up your face and smile.

Meet her look with n'er a fear,
Soon her eyes will light,
Let us see the world as it is,
Things are coming right.

—Lewis W. Smith, in Independent.

Books.

Nothing that man has wrought is worth his
To him who follows the path of truth,
Those written records of his faiths and creed
Which he follows the path of truth,
Flowing in freedom like unhampered brooks,
They seem to him the dear and precious
The thing that he loves, the thing that he loves,
Will be the thing that he loves, the thing that he loves,
For man has written all himself in these,
His dreams, his hopes, his loves, his cruel hates,
His joys, his sorrows, his fears, his loves,
Here are the weary stories of his life,
And here, a weary picture of his life,
He prays before the altar gates.

—George Edgar Montgomery, in Collier's Weekly

My Baby.

What shall I call her when we meet?
For when I meet her on that shore,
Than that which mothers find no sweet;
Though words be cold and little worth,
"My baby" seems the name complete.

But now, so many years have flown
Since from my tearful gaze she passed
I cannot find it, in the days of youth,
Where all is new and strange and vast—
How shall I then reclaim my own?

What sweet, rare title does she bear?
For when I meet her on that shore,
Grown wise and great as she is fair,
"My baby" seems the name complete.
For I shall be the infant there.

Illness.

There is no dearer love of lost hours
Than I can be ill than the illdest fancies,
More illly lie
Than today lies languidly afloat,
And water pillowed in a windless moat.
And all can be
Still than some gray stone
That has no name known.
It seems to me
That my still illness does make my own
My music of life and the golden days.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

To the Fall Wind.

That I might borrow your voice, Fall Wind,
To utter a sorrow of human kind,
To speak for speechless fears,
For the hopes and fears
Mamma-birds of the weedy vine,
That you might lend me your voice, Fall Wind,
To tell of the sorrow of human kind,
To speak for speechless fears,
For the hopes that deceive
And the hearts that believe!

—John Vance Cheney.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Reason.

Puck.
Little Amzi!—Why do you always put the
big apples at the top of your daisy?
Uncle Ezra—Because there is always
room at the top.

Rig Success.

Detroit Free Press.
"What do you think of my tragedy?"
asked the satisfied playwright.
"It's great. Never laughed harder at
anything in my life."

Lingered Regret.

Life.
Helen—Are you sure God will forgive me
for slapping sister if I ask Him, mamma?
Mamma—If you're wicked, you ain't
Helen (reflectively)—Then I wish I had
slapped her harder.

Social Nuisances.

New York Weekly.
Brownson—Pleasant time at the party
last night?
Smith—No;—Inexpressibly dreary.
There was a young man there who tried to
be funny.

A Youthful Supposition.

Puck.
Little Willie (to lady who has taken quite
a little interest in him)—Are you a Populist?
Lady—Why, no; of course not.
Puck—Why not? (He takes the comic papers)
—Cause you've got whiskers on your chin.

On the Old Man.

Old Gotrox (savagely)—So you want to
marry my wife?
Young Boy—Yes, I do. (He looks at him)
—You can live as cheaply as one?
Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)—I
hardly think you will notice any more
of one, sir.

Two Reasons.

Puck.
Isaacheimer—Rosentsein's assignee told
me he'd give you a pecunus.
Cohenstein—He's got lots of money, ain't it?
Isaacheimer—Yes, und he can't get no
more credit.

Powerful Preachers.

Boston Transcript.
Mrs. Pew—What a blessing it is to hear
Mr. Pew preach!
Mrs. Stole—He's perfectly splendid.
No wonder he's popular. Why, he preaches so
heartily that the wicked one is the
better, Mr. Oily makes one feel.

An Insult.

New York Weekly.
Eastern Man—I do business in New York,
but live in the suburbs. Do you live in
the suburbs too?
Chicago Man—Do the suburbs of Chicago?
Great answer!—You take me for a frontiers-
man?

The Lion and the Fox.

New York Weekly.
First Boy—I kin lick you.
Second Boy—You ain't got no chance.
"Huh! What'll you do?"
"I'd look like you, an' the first time I
hear you say 'I'm the wicked one' you ain't
around 'em I am. I'll wiggle my fingers
at 'em."

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him an' sass him; an' then you'll catch it when you get home, an' if you say "No," he'll come up harder for yin'."

Considered Dead.
Puck.
The Medium—"What spirit shall I call up? McKinley Enthusiast—Bryan.

Correct.
Chicago Tribune.
"The phrase, 'working classes,' occurs in this sentence," said the teacher. "What do you understand by the working class?" "The classes in grammar and 'rithmetic," answered the shock-headed boy with the bad eye.

Enlightenment.
Detroit Tribune.
"He is a lantern-jawed agitator," "Well, you can't deny that his remarks throw light upon the subject."
In the scope of language there was now and then to be detected the handiwork of a fate that guides to ends of which mankind wots not.

How a Letter May Be Recalled.
Boston Transcript.
The public is not as familiar with its privileges about postal matters as might be supposed. Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done, even if the letter has reached the postoffice of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination, asking that it be promptly returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: It is hereby agreed that if the letter is returned to me I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return, and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit 5c to cover all expense incurred, and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent parties or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone, and have succeeded in recalling them.